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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

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CHRISTMAS 1957



"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God", spoke Jesus Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, nearly two thousand years ago.

For upwards of two thousand years people have been observing Christmas, with its message of peace. Each Christmas candles are lit and prayers are offered for peace on earth and goodwill among men.

Too often the candles have been snuffed out by the cruel blasts of war and the prayers are drowned out by the clash of armed conflict.

In the year 1957, Christmas bells ring out, candles are lit, and prayers are offered for peace on earth. In grim competition this year are the fires of nuclear reactors and the high-pitched coded sound of a Russian space machine.

It is more imperative than ever for peace-minded people everywhere to band together in constructive action if the harmony of the Christmas chimes is to prevail over the menacing note of the space machine.

W. Kristjanson

Notes from the Editors' Files

I. ON TRANSLATIONS

From time to time comments reach us about translations of poetry from Icelandic into English, which have become a feature of this magazine. On the whole these comments are constructive and, as one would expect, differ. They vary from the caustic criticism to the assertion that some translation is better than the original—both, in our opinion, exaggerations.

But the comment most generally made is that it is impossible to translate good poetry. On farther inquiry or closer reading it is found that the statement is largely limited to Icelandic poetry. This is quite understandable: the Icelandic mind has for centuries trained itself to definite rules of form. Two very common Icelandic expressions tell the story better than a whole chapter of exposition. They are “*bundið mál*”, referring to poetry, and “*óbundið mál*”, referring to prose. Poetry to the Icelandic mind has to be “*bundið*”, literally “tied or bound” by fixed rules of metre, alliteration and rhyming. The causal factors are inherent in the language itself and in the way of life the Icelandic people chose. It is not difficult to understand why the lover of Icelandic poetry should keenly feel that the gems, so beautifully created, should not be touched.

The purpose in translating poetry is really not translating—it is to transfer a poem in one language into a poem in another language. The classic des-

cription of that art is by an English man of letters, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He was of Italian descent and translated a fair volume of Italian poetry into English. He says:

“The life-blood of rhymed translation is this—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty. Poetry not being an exact science, literalness of rendering is altogether secondary to this chief aim. I say literalness, not fidelity, which is by no means the same thing. When literalness can be combined with what is thus the primary condition of success, the translator is fortunate, and must strive his utmost to unite them; when such object can only be attacked by paraphrase, that is his only path.”

Figures of speech, poetic flights of fancy, even colloquial expressions are mostly not translatable unless a corresponding expression can be found in the other language. One of the best translators of Greek plays looked for Scottish local expressions to substitute for colloquialism in the original—especially in the comedies.

In judging translations of Icelandic poetry one should ask two questions: Is it good poetry and does it come close to leaving the same impression upon the reader as the original?

II. CANADA ICELAND FOUNDATION

The Editorial Board had hoped to be able to make a comprehensive report at this time, on the Canada Iceland Foundation. Although much more than a mere progress report could be

made, it was felt that the recommendation of the Executive Council of the Foundation should be accepted and the detailed report held over until the next issue.

Readers should, however, be reminded that application by residents of Canada to the Canada Council for Scholarships, Fellowships and Grants can now be made under any of the following headings:

- (a) Pre-Master's Degree Scholarships
- (b) Pre-Doctor's Degree Fellowships
- (c) Senior Fellowships.
- (d) Junior Arts Fellowships.
- (e) Secondary School Teachers Scholarships or Fellowships.
- (f) Arts Teachers Fellowships.
- (g) Short Term Grants.
- (h) Grants for Journalists and Broadcasters.

A committee of the Canada Iceland Foundation will be set up to help process applications by residents of Canada but in the meantime the applications may be sent to the Chairman of the Executive Council of the Foundation, Judge W. J. Lindal, 788 Wolseley Ave., Winnipeg 10; or they may be sent direct to The Canada Council, 140 Wellington St., Ottawa.

Applications by non-residents of Canada come under paragraph 8, of Section 2 of the Regulations of the Canada Council, which reads as follows:

"Fellowships of one year each for non-residents for study or teaching in Canada in the arts, humanities, and social sciences (a) of an average value of \$5,000 (plus travel allowance, plus two-thirds travel allowance for wife) for senior fellows who have achieved great distinction, and (b) of an average value of \$2,000.00 (plus travel allowance) subject to renewal, for younger scholars or workers who have shown exceptional promise; scholars under group (b) should not accept teaching duties. Applications must reach The Canada Council's office by February 1."

At a meeting held in Reykjavik Nov. 25, an "Island-Kanada Ráð" was formed, corresponding to the Canada Iceland Foundation here. The following constitute the Executive: Halgrímur Fr. Hallgrímsson, O.B.E., the Honorary Consul for Canada in Iceland, chairman; Dr. Thorkell Jóhannesson, Rector of the University of Iceland, and Vilhjálmur Thor, Manager of the Bank of Iceland.

For the time being this Executive Committee will be mainly concerned with the processing of applications fellowships and scholarships under Sec. 8, par. 2 of the Regulations of the Canada Council. The applications with supporting material, will be forwarded to the Canada Iceland Foundation, which will forward them, with or without further recommendations to the Canada Council. For that purpose the following committee has been set up:

Professor Haraldur Bessason,
Grettir Eggertson
Grettir L. Johannson
Einar P. Jónsson
W. J. Lindal.

We may further add that an application has been made by the Canada Iceland Foundation to the Canada Council for an annual grant under section 8 of the Canada Council Act which in part reads as follows:

"The Canada Council may, in furtherance of its objects,

(a) Assist, co-operate with and enlist the aid of organizations, the objects of which are similar to any of the objects of the Council."

The Editorial Board hopes to be able to publish a complete report in the Spring, 1958, issue.

III. C. M. GOETHE

It may be surprising, but still we believe it is a fact, that the best supporter of *The Icelandic Canadian* is a man who is not of Icelandic or even of Scandinavian descent. He has often been complimentary about the magazine and specific editorials or other writings, but he has in a very special, and one must add in a very acceptable way, given tangible evidence of his sincere enthusiasm. For a number of years he has sent the magazine the subscription price of ten subscriptions, to be sent to universities which he has specified. His reason for sending the subscriptions to universities is obvious: to enable students, the cultural leaders of tomorrow, to read the magazine. This is not only a challenge to the staff of the magazine to give of their best; it is a challenge to all whom the magazine reaches or to whom it can reach, be they Americans, Canadians, or people of Iceland, to lend support to the magazine and read it.

The man who views *The Icelandic Canadian* from this angle is C. M. Goethe of Sacramento, California. He

is a banker who, to use his own language, has devoted his earnings over half a century to human betterment. (The \$15.00 per year, he devotes to *The Icelandic Canadian*, begin to acquire a more special value). Mr. Goethe has "become tremendously impressed with the contribution, over the centuries, of the five Scandinavian countries." He has visited them all, from Iceland to Finland, and has often gone as far as Finnish Lapland.

Mr. Goethe and the late Mrs. Goethe lived in Hindustan for some years where they founded the first American-Supervised Playground.

At times, when Mr. Goethe is complimenting the Scandinavian countries for their contribution to intellectual progress, which he says is out of all proportion to their numbers, he adds, most delightfully to us, that Iceland was the first country in the world to become 100% literate.

As might be expected, Mr. Goethe is too modest and self-effacing to send us a photograph so, in the Daddy Long Legs tradition we all say "Thank You".

IV. THE FRONT COVER

The front cover, which appeared on the Christmas issue last year, proved so popular that it was decided to reproduce it this year.

The "Three Wise Men" received very favorable comments both in letters to the editors and in small group discussions, and once again we extend our congratulations and appreciation to Tom Bjarnason, formerly of Winnipeg and now of Toronto. He, it is reported, is advancing in his chosen profession and is establishing a reputa-

tion in the east for his excellent work.

Last year's Christmas number (Winter, 1956), is in short supply and the magazine is prepared to pay \$1.00 per number, so if you are not saving the magazine and still have that number send it in.

In the next issue the usual custom will be resumed of inserting a translation from a choice Icelandic poem. Very favourable comments have been received on these translations. —W.J. L.

THE BETRAYAL

by THORIR BERGSSON

Translated by L. L. BJARNASON, Hartnell College, Salinas, California

The cleaning girl in the big hospital in Reykjavik was trim and attractive. She was standing on the window sill and polishing the topmost pane on the outside. It was rather high, and she had to stretch. She was healthy and lovely, this young girl, youthful and blooming. She smiled now and then at her thoughts, but she did not hum; that would not be proper in the room of a patient. It was private room number 7, and the patient, a woman of about forty, lay in the bed and slept.

Adda—for so the cleaning girl was called; her name was probably Sigrid or Gudrun—knew that this patient was over the crisis following major surgery. And, although it was really no concern of hers, since she was neither a doctor nor a nurse, she could not deny that she felt better when she knew that this poor patient was convalescing. Death was always so depressing, and pain scarcely less so. As for her, she was never sick; after all, she was only twenty.

"Oh, dear, how high this window is, and how hard it is to reach on the outside."

The sun was just about to sink behind a rose-colored ridge to the northwest, directly opposite the window; it threw a soft red glow into the face of the girl. There was not a breath of wind—yet; but, if Adda had looked out to sea, she would have seen that a storm was brewing in the northwest. It was late in February, and any kind of weather could be expected, despite the unseasonable warmth of the last few days.

The door of room number 7 opened

slowly, and Adda looked around. Another girl peeped in and motioned Adda to come and talk to her. She hurriedly slipped the catch on the window to the first notch, so that the window was wide open. Then she got lightly down onto the floor and went to the door. A cat could not have walked more quietly than this young girl. . . .

"Telephone for you," whispered the girl who had come, "and," she added teasingly, "it is he."

"What nonsense, Dodo," said Adda and closed the door noiselessly behind her. They stood now out in the broad corridor.

"Oh, yes, I'm quite sure it is he," said Dodo. "He wants to invite you to a movie or a dance this evening."

"What in the world are you saying?" said Adda and hurried into the telephone booth at the end of the hall.

The other girl, the one who answered the telephone, sat down at a small desk in the hall in front of the booth. She was a little embarrassed and tried not to listen. At the same moment the first ice-cold gust of the storm struck from the northwest.

— — — —

Nearly two weeks before this little incident occurred in the big hospital in Reykjavik, Arnodd, the farmer from Gammadale, and the district doctor from Coldfjord were making their way painfully over the pass. It was a long arduous trip through the mountains, and now both the weather and the trail were at their worst. It

had been snowing for some time, and great drifts had piled up in that area. That day there had been intermittent snowstorms, but most of the time it was clear enough for traveling. It was the mistress at Gammadale who was ill. The way was long out to Coldfjord, and farmer Arnodd had set out the evening before and had walked out over the pass against the raging blizzard and in pitch darkness. A horse simply could not be used there, and not in Staffdale either, which was now a deserted, isolated vale, deep and narrow. But farther down in the district the going was somewhat easier, and at Mel, Arnodd got a horse from Jonas, the farmer who lived there. He also got someone to go with him down to Storumyri. From Storumyri, the road was passable by automobile out to Coldfjord—about thirty miles away. After ten hours on the road Arnodd reached the doctor; after a delay of half an hour they set out again by automobile from Coldfjord to Storumyri. The storm from the north continued, but there was little drifting out there.

The man from Mel had waited at Storumyri with the horses. The doctor rode, and the other two alternated riding and walking. Arnodd walked most of the time, for the man from Mel had a tendency to lag behind while walking. On the other hand, the horses were hard put to follow Arnodd through the broken half-crusts of snow.

The rest at Mel was short, just long enough to take a little nourishment—a bite of food and some coffee. After that they got on skis and went on up Storudale in a blinding snow storm. They made good progress, for the wind was almost directly behind them and the snow was just right for skiing—or good enough, at least—though the looseness of the snow did delay

them somewhat. But when they came up into the pass, it was much more difficult; in many places the snow was powdery and the slopes were steep.

The doctor began to tire, though he kept on manfully and would not admit fatigue. Just the opposite: he exerted every ounce of strength and determination at his command. Observing this, Arnodd took a thin rope from his knapsack and bound it around the middle of the doctor; the other end he tied about his own waist.

"This will make it easier for you," he stated.

"But you—don't you ever get tired?" asked the doctor.

"Not yet!" With these words he plowed on ahead up the slope and made the climb easier for the doctor.

Finally, the ground began to slope downhill under their feet. By this time it had become almost completely dark. Eighteen hours since Arnodd had left home.

Arnodd removed the rope from the doctor and wound it round and round his own waist.

"It is safer," he said, "that you don't follow me too closely—if I should land in some crevasse or ravine."

"But what would I do then?" asked the doctor and laughed.

"Try to continue in the same direction! Go carefully until you see a light. You can depend upon it, there will be a light in the window."

"First I'll try to save you though," said the doctor.

"Certainly! Call, but if I don't answer, then just continue on. But, I hope it doesn't come to that. I think that I can find the way, even though it is dark."

While they were talking, Arnodd had taken a thermos bottle from his knapsack. He poured hot, sweet coffee

(Continued on page 34)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Alexandria, Virginia
10 Southdown Road,
Oct., 30, 1957

Mr. Axel Vopnfjord,
1206 Dominion St.,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Mr. Vopnfjord:

Permit me to thank you for your excellent review of my book, *THE SAGA OF LEIF ERICSSON*, in the autumn issue of *THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN*. It was both scholarly and comprehensive, and will undoubtedly interest many readers in *The Saga*.

The following paragraph saddened me, however. I quote:

"The author has taken great care in being accurate with respect to historical events, but has been a little careless in the spelling of some names. For example, Ingebord instead of Ingebjorg, Kiarten (Kjartan), and Brattalid (Brattahlid), also in his statement that Leif is pronounced 'Life' instead of 'Lave'."

Therefore I would like to explain that the Anglicized spelling of the names of several of the historical characters, and other words, was due not to carelessness but to an editor's suggestion that American readers would find it easier to pronounce these names, and such words as fjord, if I simplified them as much as possible and spelled them phonetically.

As for the proper pronunciation of Leif, I consulted with officials in the Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish embassies here in Washington, and learned that in each country the pronunciation of Leif's name is dif-

ferent, but all four agreed that the best and most vigorous Anglicized version of the name I could use would be "Life".

I am hoping that this explanation can be given to the readers of *THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN* in its next issue.

Yours sincerely,

Carl Stearns Clancy

★

518 Grauer Road,
Sea Island,
R. R. No. 1,
Richmond, B. C.
November 12, 1957

Judge W. J. Lindal, Chairman,
Board and Magazine Committee,
The Icelandic Canadian.

Dear Sir:

I have been a subscriber from the very first issue of the *Icelandic Canadian*, and am very proud of the ability of those who contribute to its pages.

I particularly like the poems, both Icelandic and English, and while I must confess I have lost a lot of my "Icelandic", I can still follow most of it.

I would like to see a good story, authentic, of the first settlers on Lake Winnipeg in particular, and other parts of Canada. I understand there was a settlement somewhere in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

I like the pictures of our young Icelandic Canadians who are making a name for themselves scholastically and professionally, and also the older Icelanders who have achieved success in their field of endeavour.

Sincerely yours,

G. A. Finnsson

68 N.E. Stanton
Portland 12, Oregon
October 11, 1957

has its meeting and I hope to attend
Again thanks for your wonderful
work for the Icelanders.

Your sincerely,
Birgitte Pederson

★

3039 Hillegass Ave.
Berkeley 5, Nov. 19, '57

Judge W. J. Lindal,

Dear Sir:

Just received the autumn 1957 copy of the Icelandic Canadian. I am so enthused over the splendid work you are heading that I felt the need of letting you know how I enjoy it.

Tho born in Denmark where my father was M.D. at the Danish Naval Hospital for 10 years, I always have been in touch with my father's relations. Meeting them in 1904 and now again last year when I flew to Reykjavik to help my aunt Thora Frederikson celebrate her 90th birthday. I spent 3 delightful months in Reykjavik. Harold and Eric Sigmar's mother was my bridesmaid in 1907 in Park River North Dakota. Steingrimur Hall was my music teacher in my green years. Now I have been six years here in Portland. Did you know my father, Dr. Moritz Halldorson?

Tomorrow eve the Icelandic Club

Dear Judge Lindal,

. . . . I have been reviewing the contents of all the back numbers of the Icelandic Canadian and am still doing so. What a wealth of gems they contain. . . .

I am sure the subscribers to the Icelandic Canadian Magazine appreciate how generous the contributors are to give of their valuable time towards this project. But that is what makes the magazine worth while to its readers.

Good luck and success to the magazine and all of you who make it what it is.

Very sincerely,

Louise Gudmunds

PSALM OF LIFE

I ask you, brother, What is Life?
From uni-cell to worm it's rife
With blood, tears, toil, sweat and strife,
"A tale told by an idiot." So
We strut our seven-ages' show
From cradle through to beggars' row —
Now marching to a strident fife,
Now being pared by Time's dull knife,
Or slowly softened, blow by blow —
And what it's all about we never know.

BOGI BJARNASON

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN AMERICA

Ed. Note — The following is Chapter 5 in a booklet entitled "First White Child Born In America" by **E. B. WELLER** of Massachusetts who writes under the pen name **The Antiquarian**. The booklet of 50 pages tells the fascinating story of the sixty-two Viking Men and five Women who set out from Greenland on a 2500-mile voyage, in a 70-foot open ship, to colonize Vinland the Good (the Cape Cod area of Massachusetts) in the summer of 1010 A.D. The Icelandic Canadian is deeply indebted to Mr. Weller for his permission to reproduce parts of the booklet. It is available for the small sum of 75 cents. Copies may be obtained from TheAntiquarian, P.O. Box 411, Barnstable, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, or from the author himself, E. B. Weller, at present residing at 423 East Nelson Ave., Alexandria, Va.

In the summer of that same year of 1009 in which Thorstein the Swarthy brought Gudrid and the bodies of the epidemic victims to Brattahlid, a ship from the "outside" arrived at the Eriksson home. She was skippered by a wealthy trader from North Iceland whose real name was Thorfinn Thordarsson but who was better known by his nickname of Karlsefne. He was a seventh-generation descendent of that king of Sweden and Denmark, Ragnar Lodbrók (Ragnar Hairy-breeches), famed in song and saga.

Having heard that fat pickings were to be made in Greenland, Karlsefne had sailed direct from Naidaros (Trondheim) with a full cargo of Norwegian goods which he felt sure would bring high prices in isolated Greenland.

Hearing that he was down in the fjord, the people of the Eastern Settlement flocked down to his ship to admire his goods and buy as much as they could afford. The women, especially, were ravenous for news of the latest fashions in Iceland and Norway and spent many aurar with Karlsefne for bright ribbons and similar garlands. The men of tree-starved Greenland were most interested in iron for farm-tools and timber for the repair of houses and boats. Between both men and women, Karlsefne did a roaring trade and the gold piled up in his locked money-chest.

As summer slipped into bitter winter, Leif Eriksson invited Karlsefne to live with him in the big house where, besides overseeing necessary farm tasks, they could while away the long winter evenings with games of cards and backgammon, dice and chess, and the reciting of well-known sagas.

It was thus that Karlsefne came to meet Gudrid as a member of the family. As the weeks wore on he observed with growing appreciation her many fine qualities and set his heart on her. When he asked her to marry him, she dutifully referred him to her nearest kinsman and legal guardian, Leif Eriksson, for permission. Leif, well aware of Karlsefne's wealth and good family, readily gave his consent. The couple were betrothed and married at Christmas.

Soon after the wedding, renewed discussions arose concerning voyages to Vinland and everyone urged Karlsefne to make the attempt, Gudrid enthusiastically joining in. Finally, after much urging, Karlsefne collected a crew of sixty men and five women, promising the men an equal share in whatever wealth they might obtain.

In early summer of 1010 Karlsefne, together with Snorre Thorbrandsson, lead the third expedition to Vinland. As this was to be a colonizing venture, Karlsefne had aboard his ship — besides himself, his wife, his fellow-leader and the sixty men and five women — a

plentiful supply of farm-tools, weapons, and much livestock including a bull. (Like the ship in which Leif Eriksson had discovered America seven years before, Karlsefne's vessel did not have the popularly-pictured dragon-head prow and dragon-tail stern, shields strung along the sides, and a bank of oars along each side. Such things were the hallmark of warships, not of trading-ships which were broader, had a part-deck at each end and a great, open hold for cargo-carrying.

Just before sailing from Brattahlid, Karlsefne offered to buy the big stone-and-sod house which Leif Eriksson had built in Vinland the Good in 1003, the year he discovered it. Leif shook his head, however, saying that as he hoped to return to Vinland one day and settle down there, he would not sell the house. He was, however, quite willing to lend it—any and all damage occasioned by Karlsefne and his people to be repaired as good as new or paid for. With a handshake sealing the compact, they parted on that amicable note, Leif wishing Karlsefne all possible good fortune and a safe return as soon as he had established the colony on a firm footing.

Karlsefne sailed for Vinland in the summer of 1010, the well wishes of those ashore floating out across the water as his ship stood down the fjord for the open sea forty miles away. The voyage to Vinland was without incident. Gudrid, heavy with child at the time of sailing, gave birth to her firstborn son toward the end of September, about two months after they reached Vinland.¹

Following ancient custom among Northmen, which prescribed that when a woman gave birth to a child the household and neighbors had to be present, the whole company was on hand. When the baby's wailing announced its safe arrival, and word spread quickly that it was a boy, there was much back-slapping, good-humored joking, and laughter. Congratulations and prognostications filled the air. Some said that because of the good-luck circumstances surrounding his birth it was plain to see that the boy would grow up tall and strong and be a credit to Karlsefne and Gudrid. Others, laughing good-naturedly, foretold that he would grow up to be another Karlsefne — a wealthy trader whose touch turned everything to gold. And more than one professed to see that the boy would grow into excellent manhood, marry well, and that many prominent people would be descended from him. Karlsefne was almost bursting with pride under the flood of congratulations, praise and forecasts of unbounded success for his son.

In keeping with ancient custom among the Northmen, all the animals born on the day of his birth — as puppies, calves, foals, ewes, etc. — were given to the child as a birth-gift.

A few days later the baby was introduced to the first step in a process designed to develop his independence and self-reliance. Taken from his mother, not without loud protests on his part, he was laid in an elaborately-carved cradle, there to kick and squirm to his heart's content. For weeks past, Karlsefne had been dotingly overseeing the cradle's construction and embellishment. Finally, he had approved its construction and embellishment as worthy to hold his son — not, however, without taking knife and

¹—This interesting historical event — the birth of Snorre Thorfinnsson in Vinland the Good — occurred ten years after Christianity was officially adopted in Iceland as the State religion, and twenty-five years after Greenland was colonized by Erik the Red (Erik Thorvaldsson).

wood-chisel, towards the end, and adding some special touches of his own.

Soon afterward came the time for christening and name-fastening. Lacking the presence of some renowned kinsman to perform the sacred rites, Karlsefne decided to confer the honor upon the man who, next to himself, was the most prominent and influential among those comprising the colony. That man, of course, was his fellow-leader — Snorre Thorbrandsson.

On the appointed day, with the whole company assembled for the ceremony, Snorre Thorbrandsson, with deep religious solemnity, sprinkled the child with water — signifying the acceptance of the boy as a legitimate child of Karlsefne and Gudrid, and his acceptance as such into the family of men. Then followed the brief ceremony of *nafnfesti* — name-fastening. Holding the tiny infant securely in his great hands, with a gusty roar that could be heard far off, Snorre Thorbrandsson said that all his life he had always had good weather-luck, good weapon-luck, and good woman-luck. And, as everybody present knew, these same good things would surely follow the boy if he, Snorre Thorbrandsson, made the child his namesake. A great roar of approval greeted his words. When it had died down, in a deadly serious voice he solemnly pronounced the boy's name as Snorre. Then, in keeping with ancient custom, Snorre Thorbrandsson gave *nafnfesti* presents to his namesake — a gold finger-ring, a silver one, and a gold spoon.

As had been the custom among their ancestors from time immemorial, the boy's last name would be his father's first name — Thorfinn — with the word "son" added to it. Hereafter he would be known as Snorre Thorfinnsson, son of Thorfinn — proudly trac-

ing his ancestry, as far back as he would be taught and could remember, through his paternal progenitors whose rank and importance would be well known by most of those among whom he would move in later life. He would have to know these things when the time came that he wanted to marry, for no man of consequence would bestow his daughter on a man who could not point to a long and illustrious ancestry.

The religious ceremonies over, everyone hastened to join in the festivities and feasting which Karlsefne had arranged. There had been no need for him, of course, to request the women to make this the best feast they possibly could under the circumstances. The boy's birth was, after all, an occasion — and the women outdid themselves in preparing to celebrate it. From almost before dawn they had been feverishly churning butter and cheese made from cream taken from the previous evening's milk which had been kept overnight in cool earth-cellar. Excitedly talkative, and reigning supreme in what was definitely the women's department, they had briskly ordered their husbands and other men to go out and shoot or trap whatever birds and animals they could find. Later, the men had come back loaded down with all kinds of game.

Then the women had hurried about, demanding from the men wood and still more wood to keep the roaring fires going. With everything nearly ready at last, they had brought out snowy linen tablecloths and spread them over the large flat rock, standing a short distance in front of the house, which served admirably as an outdoor table. The table itself was loaded with roast birds, baked fish and other game piled high on huge wooden platters. Hearty fish stews steamed and bubbled

in big iron kettles nearby. Piled among the other good things were great heaps of Vinland grapes which had been collected a month or more ago, when at their best, and spread out in the sun to dry. There was, indeed, hardly room on the high-piled table to place the elaborately-decorated wooden trenchers and bowls, inlaid with gold of silver, of those who were to sit around it.

For the festivities, everybody had exchanged his everyday gray-wool for bright party-clothes of blue or red, green, scarlet, or purple. Karlsefne was handsome in his suit of dark green, and Gudrid looked fetching in a medium-blue dress, her yellow hair held in place with a gold head-ring. Gaily colored silk ribbons flashed brightly in the other women's hair and, for the occasion, all the men had vigorously scrubbed themselves and, as was their custom, had parted their hair carefully in the middle.

As was his right by reason of rank and importance, Karlsefne sat at the head of the table. Next to him, on his right sat his fellow-leader, Snorre Thorbrandsson. Gudrid sat on Karlsefne's left, a little pale from her recent ordeal, but proud and happy. With no professional attendants pampering her during her brief confinement, and little chance for self-indulgence, she had been up and about in a few days and, as became a chief's daughter, had even supervised the women in prepar-

ing the feast. The other men of any consequence — Karlsefne's *bryti*, or purser, for instance — were ranged down each side and across the foot of the table according to their rank and importance. The rest, for the most part common soldier-sailors, stood about in close groups, or sat on the grass, talking together, joking, laughing, and eating the good things this land provided so bountifully. Leif Eriksson, they decided for the hundredth time, had rightly named it Vinland the Good! Neither in Greenland nor Iceland, nor yet even in Norway perhaps, was such bountifulness to be found!

After the feasting, there were games — running, and jumping, and wrestling. Then, as the afternoon waned, there was singing and dancing and, inevitably, recounting of the people's long history by the reciting of well-known sagas. And woe to the man who departed by ever so little from the truth as it had come down the generations!

All in all, a wonderful time was had by everybody in celebrating the birth of Karlsefne's firstborn son. His appearance among them, they told themselves, was surely a happy augury foretelling the colony's prosperity and success! Even his name, they told one another, was a good omen. Snorre — "the bold, the swift, the daring one." What better name for this boy born so far from the homeland of his forebears!

MEETING OF THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN CLUB

The regular monthly meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held in the Unitarian Church, cor. Sargent and Banning, on Thursday, November 28th. Miss Joanne Wilson was present-

ed with the Gudrun Norman Scholarship of \$100.00

Five of the seven students taking Icelandic at the University were present. Marion Melnyk, whose mother is Icelandic and who sings in the First Lutheran Church Choir sang two solos.

LEONA GORDON CAPTIVATES HER AUDIENCES

About 4000 people heard the beautiful voice of Leona Oddstad Gordon at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium August 13th last summer when she was guest soloist at the Pop Concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The audience was entranced as her lyric soprano rippled in the familiar Jewel Song from Faust by Gounod.

One could well imagine seeing Marguerita in ecstasy over the jewels she has found in the newly discovered jewel casket,—and the simple delight into which she is transported as she ornaments herself with these gems, and scarcely believes that she is not a 'demoiselle'.

The delight in Leona's voice bespoke the understanding of the interpretation of the message she had to convey. And it was carried over with such ease and naturalness that one was hardly aware of its being "a studied performance."

Her voice floated in able command over and above the accompaniment of the symphony orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. She received three curtain calls.

Leona's nordic blonde beauty looked radiant in a superb creation of pink bouffant tulle and lace, with the bodice embroidered in brilliants and seed pearls, sparkling earrings and necklace complementing her attire.

Later on in the program Leona was joined by a contralto in singing the Presentation of the Silver Rose from Rosenkavalier by Strauss. It was enthusiastically applauded.

Alfred Frankenstein, the S. F. Chronicle music critic, said about the duet: "... that was one of the best things that ever happened at an Art Commission Pop Concert. The duet was outstanding ... because it was charmingly sung ... And the fact that the singers were gorgeous to look at



Leona Gordon

didn't spoil the effect in the slightest." About Leona's solo he goes on to say: "Earlier, Miss Gordon sang the 'Jewel Song' from Faust in a light, spirited silvery style. . ." To receive any comment from Frankenstein is like getting blood from a stone,—so this critique can be considered as an excellent achievement.

On the 9, 10, 16 and 17th of August, Leona sang the leading role in "The Merry Widow Light Opera" at the

Woodminster Bowl, (a natural outdoor Bowl in the hills of Oakland) to capacity and appreciative audiences,—and in Sterns Grove in San Francisco on Sunday afternoon the 11th, where about 20,000 people had gathered.

Leona is in popular demand both as soloist in leading roles of light operas and on the concert stage. A number of times she has sung a group of Icelandic songs for art clubs and educational groups. On those occasions she has worn the Icelandic Festival costume.

She is continuously doing programs and roles and studying. Her teachers and coaches are the best in this area. Leona is the constant wonder of her friends and acquaintances, for they know that this is but one phase of her life. Her home life includes a husband and two children—Marcia Lee, 5 years old and Andrea Stephanie, one year old.

Marcus Gordon, Leona's husband, is well known on the West Coast as a Concert Pianist. He teaches piano at the University of California in Berkeley, and privately. He is a Master

Teacher and instructs classes of teachers in various outlying districts. He has given a series of lessons on the T.V. as well as having recorded "Schuman's Album for the Young", acclaimed by critics all over the United States as an excellent production.

Marcus and Leona have just this month, November, moved into a beautiful home in the hills of Berkeley which was built for them last summer by her brother Andres Oddstad who is one of the biggest home builders in the San Francisco Bay area.

Leona is very proud of her Icelandic ancestry and is interested in the history, geography and culture of the Icelanders, and at every given opportunity lets her background be known. She is a great credit to her people and is one of the shining stars in the firmament of the Western Icelanders.

Leona is the daughter of the late Dr. Andres Fjeldsted Oddstad and his widow Mrs. Stephanie Ingibjorg (Emma) Oddstad of San Francisco.

Louise Gudmunds

The origin of the proud name Manitoba was commemorated at a colorful ceremony on Sunday, August 11th, at The Narrows on Lake Manitoba with the unveiling of a plaque on a spot that once was sacred to the Indians.

The celebrations, attended by the Premier of Manitoba, Honorable D. L. Campbell, were of a dual nature with the official opening of The Narrows ferry. Mrs. Guðlaug Halldorson, widow of the former Member of the Legislative Assembly, Christian Hall-dorson of Eriksdale, highlighted the ceremony by cutting the ribbon.

The Narrows district is largely settled by people of Icelandic descent.

It was at The Narrows where weird sounds of wind and fast moving water hitting limestone beaches gave rise to the Indian superstition that the spirit Manito was there—that the name Manitoba reportedly is derived. The narrow strait (called "Wapow" in Cree or "bau" in Ojibway) led to the naming of the spot "Manito-Wapow" or "Manito-bau" meaning Strait of the Spirit.

Some historians lean toward the belief that the name Manitoba springs from the Assiniboine Indian words "Mini" (water or lake) and "tobow" (prairie). However, the preponderance of opinion rests with the Strait-of-the Spirit version.

EMINENT ICELANDIC-AMERICAN OPERA SINGER

By HOLMFRIDUR DANIELSON



Christine Steinunn Gunlaugson

An American woman of Icelandic parentage has attained to a distinguished position in the difficult and highly competitive field of opera and oratorio singing in the United States and further has attained much acclaim abroad in these fields.

She is Miss Christine Steinunn Gunlaugson, who is at present Assistant Professor of Voice in the School of Music at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin.

Through her extensive and successful career in opera, oratorio, lieder, radio work, and other singing activities, Miss Gunlaugson has been accorded much distinction, and the glow of her achievements has reflected glory all the way to Iceland, the country of her forebears.

Miss Gunlaugson began her musical career when she received her B.M. degree from the MacPhail School of Music, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Following this she continued advanced

study in voice and vocal literature for two years with the eminent Artist Teacher, Maestro Astillero Rogerio, in Milan, Italy. She has done further study in music at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and at the Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

Miss Gunlaugson started her singing career in opera in Italy, singing leading soprano roles. Her operatic debut in the United States was at the Boston Opera House, Boston, Mass., in the role of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust."

Her first operatic appearance in radio was in the major soprano role in "Mefestofele" by Boito on station WRNY, New York City.

Through a benefit program sponsored by the newspaper, the "Brooklyn Examiner", Miss Gunlaugson was afforded the opportunity of singing in recital at Carnegie Hall, New York City. This recital appearance led to other solo engagements in many of the leading cities in the United States.

It was in Severence Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, that Miss Gunlaugson made her debut as an oratorio singer, singing the soprano solo part in the Bach B Minor Mass.

Subsequent to her advanced study in Italy with Maestro Rogerio, Miss Gunlaugson has been actively engaged in study and research. In 1936 she returned to Italy to study modern Italian song repertory with Dr. Bruno Bettinelli of the Milan Conservatory of Music. In 1938 she visited the Scandinavian countries and did research in Icelandic song literature in Reykja-

(Continued on page 31)

The Music Selection

Poem by GUTTORMUR J. GUTTORMSSON

Music by Sigurður Helgason

Translator Anonymous

ÁRÓRA

Eldfjallið morgun í austri gýs,
eldsúlan gnæfir við háloft.
Rautt eins og bál verður bláloft,
birtist í skýjunum Áróra dís.

Þoka þú myrkur! Því dagur dóms
dýrðlegur upp er að renna.
Nóttin er byrjuð að brenna
kveður við ljóðstafur lúðurhljóms.

Áróra kallar af himni há
hugsanir manns út úr gröfum.
Letrar hún leiftrandi stöfum
hugsanir guðs allan himininn á.

AURORA

Almost volcanic in azure high
Morning in glory ascending,
Crimson the blue she is blending,
Aurora fair in the flowery sky.

Darkness away! for the Day of Doom
Dawning is over the nation.
Night becomes great conflagration.
Clarion rings over tower and tomb.

Aurora is calling with silver sound
Souls from terrestrial fetters,
Writing in luminous letters
Visions of God in the heavens around



The poem selected, Áróra, Aurora, is by the present leading Icelandic poet of the West, the man who immortalized the pioneers of the Lake Winnipeg district by his poem Sandy Bar. It is to be hoped that a musical composition to Sandy Bar of comparable quality in music to what Sandy Bar is as poetry, will become available for publication in this magazine.

It is somewhat rare to find in the same poet the qualities of both the humorist and the philosopher, coupled with the gift, in rich measure, of giving expression to his thoughts in language of striking poetic imagery. But to an amazing degree this combined art is found in Guttormsson. Indeed, his book published in 1930 is entitled "Gaman og Alvara", Humor and

Solemnity. Though born in Canada Guttormsson has mastered the technique of the difficult and distinctly Icelandic forms of prosody. A good example of one of the more unique forms of Icelandic versification, and at the same time an example of his humor, is to be found in the two introductory quatrains to Gaman og Alvara. Such gems of thought and form defy translation. This is the first one:

Miklum vanda er eg í,
—orðinn fjandi mæðinn—
get ei andað út af því
að í mér standa kvæðin.

Guttormur has already published four books of poems, and in 1947 he published "Kvæðasafn", his "Collection

Guttormur Guttormsson ARÓRA Helgi Sigurður Helgason

Moderato.

Eldfjall. þó morgun í austr. i. gys, eld. súlur gnafur við há--loft
 Rautt eins og bál verður blá----loft, birtist í skjarm-um
 Rautt, rautt verður blá-loft, birtist í skj-ur-um

Á--ró-ra dýs-----ten.
 Á---ró-ra dýs, Á-ró-ra dýs, birtist Á--ró--ra dýs.

poco a poco accel. e cresc. þok-a þú myrku! þok--a þú
 þok-a þú myrk-ur! þok--a þú myrku! þok-----
 myrk-ur! *a tempo* þok-----a þok---a
 --a, þok-a þú myrku! þok-a þú myrku, þó

a tempo. dýrðleg-ur upp er að renna,
 dag-ur dóm dýrð-leg-ur upp er að renna, þó dag-ur
 upp er að renna,

djúðleg--ur upp er að renn-a, *f* *molto.*
 dóms *molto.*
 upp er að brenna. *f* *molto.*
 brenna, *molto.*
 kvæ-ur við *Sempre f*
 kvæ-ur við ljós staf-ur *mf*
 ljós stafur lús-ur--hljóms, stafur lús-ur--hljóms. *mf*
 á-ró-ka
 kallar af himni *ten.*
 hús-an-ir mans situr gróf-um. Litr-af hann
 leiftrandi stöf---um hús--an-ir guðs allan himininn
 leiftrandi, leiftr-andi stöfum hús-an-ir guðs allan him-in-inn
 á, hús-an-ir guðs, allan him-in-inn *ten.*
 á

of Poems". He is also a writer of drama and in 1937 published a book of plays.

Áróra, the poem selected, is a sample of the wealth of poetic fancy, coupled with deep philosophy, which gives grandeur and solemnity to his serious poetry.

The music is by the well known composer, Helgi Sigurður Helgason. He was born in Iceland in 1872 and migrated to America when he was eighteen years of age. His father, Helgi Helgason, was also a composer of music of acknowledged merit, and his



Helgi S. Helgason

uncle, Jonas Helgason taught music, published books of song and did some composing as well. He received instructions in music from his uncle, Jonas, and also from other teachers of music in Reykjavik.

Helgi Sigurður Helgason settled in

California, continued his music studies there and later in the State of Washington. He spent a few years in Winnipeg, then moved to Blaine, Wash., and now resides in Morro Bay, California.

Sigurður has been one of the more profuse composers in our Icelandic group and his ability is acknowledged both in Iceland and on this continent. Two compositions of his have come to hand recently. The one he calls "The Queens Song", the first verse of "God Save the Queen". The other is Stephan G. Stephansson's "Þó þú langförull legðir", a lyric that ranks with the best in any language.

The translator has to a remarkable degree succeeded in transposing the imagery and wisdom of the original into English form. Even some alliteration has been carried over. He has translated within the concept of Rossetti, and now we have a good poem beautifully clothed in two languages. The translator prefers to remain anonymous, but it must be added that members of the magazine staff cannot claim the credit. —W.J.L.

LAUREN KOLBINSON HONORED

Lauren Kolbinson,, Saskatoon, Sask., keeps steadily on the road to fame in the music world. A recent Toronto magazine "Saturday Night", featured a meritorious article about his work as a composer.

The first performance of his Violin Sonata was recently heard over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Incidental music for theatre, written for this production, was used by the Drama Department of the University

of Saskatchewan in a four-day Workshop during the summer school. Mr. Kolbinson also wrote Incidental music for the famous Puppeteers of Montreal, Willy and Bernard Kluyskens, in a production called "Gaiety Unlimited" — in Henri Brochets' three act play, Christmas at the Crossroads.

At the present time, Mr. Kolbinson is working on two commissions — one from the well-known St. Charles College Choir of New Orleans, U.S.A. for a Motet and the other is a short opera to be based on the early life of the Virgin Mary.

(Continued from page 26)

vik, Iceland. In 1940 she studied German Lieder with the famous accompanist and interpreter of the German Lied, Mr. Coenraad Von Bos in N. Y. City.

June 17, 1944 is an historic date for Iceland since on that date Iceland attained its independence from Denmark. Miss Gunlaugson was honored to be invited to be guest soloist on a special broadcast from Minneapolis, which commemorated the establishment of Iceland's full autonomy.

Being a versatile professional singer and an enthusiastic teacher, Miss Gunlaugson has divided her time between teaching voice and vocal repertory and doing solo work. She has taught at Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia; Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Illinois and in 1945 was appointed to the faculty of the University of Wisconsin School of Music, Madison, Wisconsin.

Miss Gunlaugson has sung several recitals at the Wisconsin Union Theater and Music Hall. She has appeared, as guest soloist innumerable times with the University of Wisconsin Choral Organizations.

The spring semester of 1953 (February-June) Miss Gunlaugson was granted a leave of absence to travel and to do research in vocal music. Her research was done at the University of California in Los Angeles. She also attended the U. of C. Opera Workshop conducted by Dr. Jan Popper and the Master Voice Class by Madame Lotte Lehmann. Miss Gunlaugson was guest soloist with the University of California Concert Band on their spring tour through Southern California.

In the summer of 1953 Miss Gunlaugson resumed her teaching at the University of Wisconsin. In the autumn of 1953 she sang her third series

of "Art Songs for Many Lands", which was broadcast on WHA(FM), University of Wisconsin station. This third series consisted of 12 half-hour weekly recitals featuring art songs from Iceland, Norway, France, Italy, England, Germany and American sung in their original language.

It was Miss Gunlaugson's privilege to be the first soloist to sing on the University of Wisconsin Television station WHA(TV). Currently she has appeared as a guest on the WHA (TV) program "Do You Know Music".

In 1955 Miss Gunlaugson was promoted to Associate Professor of Music in the University of Wisconsin School of Music faculty. During the summer of 1955 Miss Gunlaugson visited Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Switzerland. While she was in Norway, she was guest soloist at the University of Oslo, at Oslo. She did research in Scandinavian song literature and added many interesting songs to her long repertory of international art songs.

This summer 1957 Miss Gunlaugson was guest soloist with the Nordkap Male Chorus of Minneapolis, Minnesota which toured Norway. On completion of the tour Miss Gunlaugson visited Iceland in order to do some more research in Icelandic Art Song literature. Upon her return from Europe Miss Gunlaugson was soloist at the Regional National Association of Teachers of Singing workshop which was held at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Miss Gunlaugson has taken an active part in a number of musical organizations. She is a charter member of the National Opera Association, a charter member of the Wisconsin Chapter of National Association of Teachers of Singing, a member of the Wisconsin Music Teachers' Association, and the National Association of Teachers of

Singing. She has been an active participant as a panel member, committee member, and soloist with these organizations.

Most recently Miss Gunlaugson was Classified by the Examination Board of the Wisconsin Music Teachers Association Certification Board in the highest qualified group of voice teachers, The Professional Advancement Group.

Christine Gunlaugson is fourth in line of six children of Sigurður Gunlaugson, who came from Iceland to the Icelandic community of Minneota, Minnesota, in 1878, with his parents Gunlaugur Magnusson and Guðfinna Vilhjálmsdóttir. The family settled on a farm in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota. In 1896 Sigurður married Christine Hofteig, whose parents were Sigbjörn Hofteig and his wife Steinunn Magnúsdóttir. The Hofteig family had also come to Minnesota in 1878.

Sigurður and Christine farmed in Yellow Medicine County, remaining there until 1917. All their six children were born on this farm. In 1917 the family moved to Ganby, Minnesota, and on from there to Montevideo, Minnesota and finally to Minneapolis. Sigurður passed away in December, 1943 at the age of 78, while his widow, Christine lives with her daughter Frances in Minneapolis.

The Hofteig and Gunlaugson families were very progressive and quick to take advantage of the opportunities offered in their new homeland for education for themselves and their children. All of the six Gunlaugson children are university graduates and hold eminent and responsible positions. It is interesting to follow the careers of the children and grandchildren of the first pioneers, and to imagine how the natural aptitude and strong cultural influence they have inherited from

the old land, helps them along the right way to culture and education and true success in this new land. We therefore, recount here a short biographical sketch of the Gunlaugson children:

Grace Lillian, the oldest daughter, finished high school at Clarkfield, Minnesota and in 1919 graduated from the University of Minnesota with a B.S. degree in Education. She taught Science and Botany in the Minneapolis High Schools, until she married Theodore Schilling, an Electrical Engineer. They moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where they were living at the time of her death in 1932. Their daughter Grace, attended the University of Wisconsin.

Joan Guðfinna graduated from Clarkfield High School, and from Miss Wood's Kindergarten Association Normal School at Minneapolis, in 1918. She taught kindergarten and primary grades in Minnesota public schools before her marriage to Reginald Kilty. They reside in Stillwater, Minnesota, where Mr. Kilty is in the fuel and petroleum products business. Their son, Richard, served with the U.S. Navy in World War II. He has a degree in Civil Engineering from the U. of Minnesota, and is at present estimator in the Heavy Construction Division of the Peter Kiewit Sons Company. Their daughter, Mary Joan, is a graduate of Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa, having majored in Home Economics. Before her marriage she was Home Economist with General Mills in the Betty Crocker Test Kitchens, and also worked with Economics Laboratories.

Dora Guðny Halldora graduated from Montevideo High School and in 1924 from the University of Minn. College of Pharmacy. She worked as a registered pharmacist in Minn. and in New York before her marriage to Edward L. Stowe. Mr. Stowe is regional

sales manager for National Biscuit Company, Special Products Division at St. Louis, Missouri, where they make their home. Their son, Edward Linnae Stowe, who graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June 1957, with a B.S. degree is now serving with the U.S. Marine Corp at Quantico, Virginia.

Christine Steinunn's career in music has already been detailed.

Frederick Gunnar graduated from Montevideo High School, and went from there to the University of Minnesota Medical School, graduating in 1935 with a degree of Doctor of Medicine. Later he took post-graduate work in the School of Preventive Medicine and Public Health at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, where he received a Master's degree in Preventive Medicine and Public Health. At present he is Assistant Commissioner of Health with the Minneapolis Health Department. During World War II he served as a Captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps. His wife Eleanor Iverson, is also a physician, a graduate of the U. of Min. Medical School. At the present time she is on the medical staff of Northwestern Hospital in Minneapolis. They live in Minneapolis and have two daughters, Marylin aged 12, and Beverly aged 2.

Frances Sofia graduated from Montevideo High School, and later from the School of Nursing from the U. of Minn., with a B.S. degree in Public Health Nursing. She has since done post-graduate work in Nursing Education, and her present position is Assistant Director of Nursing Education at the Charles T. Miller Hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It must be a matter of satisfaction and humble pride for the mother of these clever, diligent and energetic children to watch their careers blossom forth through hard work of scholastic attainments, through their innate integrity and application to the more worthwhile things of life, and through their inherited natural talents and traditional cultural attitude. It must be pleasant for the grandmother to watch the third generation of this happy, successful family, following in the footsteps of their parents and grandparents, who went before carrying the torch of learning and freedom ever high before them.

The Icelandic community is always happy to learn of our cousins who have become isolated from the contacts with Western Icelanders in general, and especially are we pleased to hear such good reports of them and their achievements.

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THE BETRAYAL

(Continued from page 16)

into the cover of the thermos and handed it to the doctor. In this manner he poured four times into the cup.

"No more," said the doctor. "That's refreshing. You drink now."

Arnodd set the thermos bottle to his lips and drank what remained.

Then they set out again, down the pass. The going was easy now, with the wind and the slope both in their favor. The slope was to the southwest into Gammadale.

They reached the farm after an eight-hour trip from Coldfjord. It was considered unbelievably fast in such weather and on such trails.

The woman in Gammadale was dangerously ill. In this remote valley, even more isolated since Staffdale had been abandoned, this couple lived with their two children—a twelve year old boy and a ten year old girl—and an old woman, the mother of the wife. It was a beautiful site for a homestead. The valley was covered with grass and copsewood; the attractive farmhouse was newly built. There was no evidence of poverty nor lack of any kind; indeed, there was no reason for such. These people were in relatively good circumstances and their fortunes were steadily increasing. They had neither the desire nor the opportunity to waste money on that which was unnecessary; they managed their farm well and did not deprive themselves of necessities. That was enough, as far as they were concerned. Then illness struck—the tragedy—in Gammadale.

The doctor examined the woman and gave her a hypodermic. A little

later, they sat in the little guest room, he and Arnodd. This doctor was a young man, rather thin and lean, but remarkably courageous and tough. He did not appear tired now that he had washed and was eating. But his expression was serious; he had said nothing as yet about the illness of the woman. Arnodd paced softly back and forth; the doctor watched him occasionally as he silently ate his hot meat-soup. He had only said as he was washing his hands after the examination: "Yes, this could be worse, but it isn't good."

"Why don't you eat with me, Arnodd," asked the doctor finally.

"I have already eaten," said Arnodd, and sat down at the table opposite the doctor. "But now I should like to know what you think of the situation."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "I know what you mean. I have, of course, been thinking about that—what is possible to do—trying to find some solution."

"It is then very serious?" asked Arnodd and looked directly into the eyes of the doctor.

"I can't deny that it is," answered the doctor, returning his gaze. "But not hopeless, if—yes, if only the woman can be gotten into a hospital."

Arnodd was silent and looked down.

"She will have to undergo an operation," said the doctor. Surgery, which is not possible here. Impossible here."

"But do you think she can stand the trip?"

"It will be difficult," answered the doctor. "As things are—these impassable roads and the extreme distance."

"It is, of course, very urgent?" questioned Arnodd. "can't be postponed?"

"Not for long, answered the doctor,

but it is not so urgent but what there would be a chance if some way were found to get her out."

Arnodd had now stood up again and was pacing the floor.

"There is only one way," he said finally, "and that is to carry her in a bed or a couch over the pass to where the automobile can come. Do you feel that she can stand that?"

"I'll give you the facts as clearly as I can," said the doctor. "Without the operation I fail to see how she can live more than a few days. Only surgery can save her life."

"But do you think that she can endure such rough treatment?"

The doctor shook his head: "I hope so, for that is the only possibility, in my opinion."

"Jonas from Mel is staying here," said Arnodd, and stopped in front of the doctor, "he came here this morning after I stopped there on my way out. Jonas is very willing to help and can afford the time since he has two grown children at home. He will be here tonight. I'll go out this very evening and gather men. I ought to be back early tomorrow morning. If everything goes well, we ought to be able to get her out to the fjord tomorrow evening."

The doctor had now stood up. He felt somewhat stiff in the joints. With amazement he stared at Arnodd. Arnodd was of about medium height, sturdily built, and rather heavy set, but not particularly powerful, if one can judge by appearances. His face was well-proportioned and determined; his eyes were gray and steady, though the whites were somewhat bloodshot from being out in the weather for twenty-four hours.

"How long is it since you have slept, Arnodd?" asked the doctor.

"Slept? Probably three days—at least that."

"As a doctor, I consider that you ought to lie down and sleep for a few hours before you leave."

"I wouldn't sleep," said Arnodd, "and I am not especially tired."

"Then you ought to go to Mel this evening or tonight and get the young man there to go after the men. Sleep there in the meanwhile, for by the time that you have gone over the pass once more, fatigue will undoubtedly begin to make itself felt."

"The weather is getting better," answered Arnodd, "and will be good in the morning. You don't need to worry about me; I am rather accustomed to going without sleep and working hard."

"How old are you?"

"I am forty, and I have plenty of endurance."

The doctor in turn had now begun to pace the floor. Gradually, his stiffness began to go away, and he stopped in front of Arnodd.

"I have now decided how we shall arrange it," he said. "Your wife will be disturbed if you go out again. She knows that your energy may put your life in danger. She will be agitated; that will drain her strength, and that she can't stand. Therefore, you must remain at home and Jonas and I will go out tonight to get help. We shall come back in the morning with aid, for I want to be on hand in transporting her. That's it. Not another word about it. It is I who will decide this—as the doctor."

The next day the weather was bright and good with a light frost. At midday six men came over the pass to Gamma-dale and a little later three more. Two hours later they set out. Six men bore the patient wrapped up as the doctor had directed. To be sure, farmer Arn-

odd had done his share, for during the night he had fashioned a carrying litter—skilfully made.

"You have not slept much," observed the doctor with a tired smile.

"And you?" answered Arnodd; "did you sleep much?"

So they set out. Six men carried at each shift and had to walk almost in single file where the trail was narrowest, for those who bore could not use skis. That delayed them somewhat, but they continued with determination and simply would not give up. Arnodd went ahead and pointed out the way, spelled off by Jonas from Mel when Arnodd helped carry, for they knew the way better than anyone in the neighborhood. The weather was excellent during the day, calm with little frost; it continued good all day. The doctor walked constantly along with the litter-bearers. He seemed to show amazingly little how tired he was; often he had an encouraging word on his lips, and he never lost heart. Before it began to get dark they had come to Mel and rested there for a short while. From here it was possible to take horses, and the patient was transported in a litter on horseback down to Storumyri. They arrived there without mishap. A good automobile had come from Coldfjord, and they continued the journey. By late evening the woman from Gammadale had been brought into a good bed in a warm room in the hospital in Coldfjord.

A little later in the evening two tired men sat facing each other in the doctor's office in Coldfjord. It was they; the doctor and Arnodd from Gammadale.

"I have not told you yet, Arnodd," said the doctor as he pulled at his unlighted pipe, "but this operation which is necessary on your wife will not be done here."

Arnodd looked at the doctor. His face was red and swollen with weariness and from remaining so long awake. But his eyes were still calm and steady.

"I cannot perform this surgery. I have neither the means nor the facilities for it. But in Reykjavik there is a specialist in whom I have confidence—an excellent man, who has all the facilities and the proper equipment to perform it as it should be done. I spoke to him a little while ago."

"But how is she to get there?" asked Arnodd.

"I have chartered an airplane to arrive in the morning," said the doctor. "It will come, weather permitting."

"But do you think that Ingibjorg can stand that?" asked Arnodd.

"We have no other choice," affirmed the doctor, "and I believe that she can. I shall give her a sedative."

Arnodd was silent for a few moments. "I can't begin to express my thanks, Doctor," he said finally.

"Don't mention it," said the doctor.

"I think I shall go south in the plane with her," said Arnodd. "She will feel better. I know that Jonas will lend me a man in the meanwhile. And I just can't leave her, under the circumstances."

"It would be best if you could do just that," mused the doctor, "but now I think it would be wise if we rested for a while."

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Everything went as they had hoped: the plane came, and the patient was delivered to the big hospital in Reykjavik. Any delay would have been fatal; the dangerous operation was performed the same evening. It was successful beyond expectation. For many days the life of the patient hung by a thread, but the vigilance, the excel-

lent treatment, and the new techniques of the medical profession finally warded off the well-nigh fatal danger. Convalescence gradually began. Finally, one day the silent, friendly surgeon told Arnodd that now he might have firm confidence that everything would go well. That was a day of great thanksgiving. It was a day of good weather, sunshine, and new hopes.

— — — —

Adda, the pretty little cleaning girl in the hospital was on the telephone for a long, long time. It was "he," just as Dodo had said. And "he" was angry. His voice was husky and vibrated with wrath.

"What is this about you and that graduate student?"

Adda laughed: "What are you talking about, Denny? Me and who?"

"Oh, don't try to evade the issue. You heard well enough what I said. You and that graduate student."

"Denny! Who has been putting all these fairy stories into your head?"

"Are you such a child as to think no one would find out? You didn't even make much of an effort to conceal it," he said.

"The truth of the matter is that we—or rather I have nothing to conceal. You'd better watch out, Denny, you might go too far. And as for an affair between me and Thorarinn—it's just too silly for words."

"What were you doing in his room, then?"

"Why, I was merely straightening it up; I shouldn't have to tell you that. No, Denny darling, why this is outrageous! If you weren't as sweet as you are . . ."

"Straightening up his room? After everyone had gone to bed for the night? A likely story!"

"I really shouldn't have to be making any confession to you, but you

know how much there is to do here at times. Anyway, you do yourself an injustice with this silly jealousy. Have you forgotten the night before last? and all the times before that? How did you ever get this bee in your bonnet anyway, Denny?"

"M-m, but—you ought to know me better than to give such silly explanations—and on the phone, too."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Denny. Who has been stuffing you with this nonsense, anyway?"

"Yes, but, Adda, you . . ."

"Oh, dear, try to use your head, man! How do you suppose that I could act with you as I do if . . ."

"Oh, my dear Adda, forgive me. Listen! Are you coming to my place tonight? Sure, I'll come and pick you up in a taxi. When are you off work?"

There was much, much more that they had to discuss. Adda was rather flushed and just a little distraught when she came out of the telephone booth. Her mind was very far away from the hospital and her work. She went straight out of corridor number four and up the stairs. She simply had to lie down and think. Who had tattled? It could have been many, but most likely it was that Dodo, that girl just recently confirmed. She was crazy about that graduate student Thorarinn. Oh, that damned graduate student, smooth and polished as a beautiful cat, with the soft and enticing voice, deep and mysterious eyes,—a greedy wolf, an almost insatiable wild animal,—just like a cat—soft and alluring, purring softly, but at the same time rapacious and untamed and voracious. Adda ran into corridor number eight on the third floor and up the stairs. Her room was there up in the attic. The storm blustered now on the roof with a great roar. She hurried to close the sky-light, but she did not remember

the other large window which stood wide-open right against the weather in private room number seven on the fourth corridor. That was forgotten.

— — — —

When Nurse Maria Markusdottir opened the door to room number 7, her eyes popped. It was dark in there, freezing cold, and the icy gusts roared in through the window right against the bed of the patient, Mrs. Ingibjorg Jonsdottir from Gammadale. The nurse hurriedly turned on the light, jumped onto the window sill, and closed the window—this large window which was held open by a hook—wide open. Then she went to the patient.

"Oo-o-o, I'm so freezing cold," moaned the woman in the bed, her teeth chattering.

"Why did you not ring, my dear?"

"When I fell asleep, there was beautiful weather; the sun was shining in, but I awoke in the darkness and the cold. I couldn't find the bell-cord."

The nurse saw that it was only natural; the bell-cord had fallen behind the headboard of the bed where the woman could not reach it. She covered the patient and sent the girl for a heating pad. A little later the doctor arrived. The patient had large red blotches on her cheeks. She continued to shiver for a long time. Again, all possible skill and all resources were employed in the battle with death.

Three days later, Ingibjorg from Gammadale died. The cause of death was pneumonia.

News from California

The Leif Erickson Association of California held its eleventh annual Festival on October 12th at the Los Angeles Brekafast Club, Los Angeles, with an attendance of 1400. The well-known vocalist Miss Eileen Christy thrilled her audience with several selections. The guest speaker was the famous explorer, Philip Geary. Other items on the program included male choruses and Scandinavian folk dances. For refreshments, there was Smorgasbord of delectable Scandinavian foods.

The Leif Erikson Club is made up of five nationality groups, namely Danish, Finnish, Icelandic, Norwegian and Swedish. Every year this group holds a festival about the 9th of October to proclaim Leifur Eiriksson, the discoverer of America. October 9th

has been set aside by Congress as Leif Eriksson Day.

Mrs. Guðny M. Thorwaldson is the publicity chairman of the association.

On September 8th, some 150 California Icelanders held a picnic in Ferndell Park in the Hollywood hills, one of the beauty spots of southern California.

The entertainment included community singing to an accordion accompaniment by Kjartan Rúnólfsson. The songs and music, states Skuli G. Bjarnason, echoed in the nearby mountains, that beautiful day. Mrs. Guðny Thorwaldson donated and served all the coffee during the day—a generous gesture well worthy of mention.

IN THE NEWS

APPOINTED



Kenneth G. Howard

Kenneth G. Howard of Winnipeg has been appointed Executive Director of the John Howard and Elizabeth Fry Society, an organization for the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners. For the past five years he has been with the Child Guidance Clinic. He has also been a YMCA secretary and was on the staff of Westminster hospital in London, Ontario, as a clinical psychologist.

Born at Selkirk, Manitoba, he is the son of Elin (Asmundson) Howard and L. F. Howard, a former postmaster at Selkirk.

Following his graduation from the Selkirk Collegiate, Mr. Howard entered the University of Manitoba, where in 1949, he won a Master's Degree in French. He later attended the University of Western Ontario in London, and in 1952 received his Master's Degree in psychology.

Mr. Howard holds the rank of a Major in the Canadian Army Militia—the Personnel Selection Unit.

He married Dorothy Phimister, of radio and television fame. Mrs. Howard is a contralto soloist in the Westminster church and a member of the James Duncan Chorus.

Mr. Howard's maternal grandparents were the late Ragnheiður and Guðmundur Asmundson of Selkirk.



OSCAR BRANDSON WINS TROPHIES, PRIZES AND AWARDS



Oscar Brandson

The North Star Co-operative Creamery at Arborg, Manitoba, celebrated its 50th anniversary this year. It is the oldest Co-operative in the province of Manitoba and has become famous for its high grade of butter.

The buttermaker, for the last four years, has been Oscar Brandson. He is the son of Sigurdur and Jódís (Björnsson) Brandson of Arborg. His grandfather, the late Jón Björnsson, was a pioneer settler and one of the

members of the first Board of Directors.

Last winter, the creamery won more prizes and trophies than any other creamery in the Dominion of Canada, this in spite of not having the most modern equipment. The following are the awards received by Mr. Brandon: Thorkelsson Special, Class 2, First prize \$20.00; Section 2—Canadian Bank of Commerce Special—a gold wrist watch, for highest percentage of First Grade butter. Section 4—Norwood Box Special \$65.00, for highest percentage of 93 score butter or better for 1956. Section 5—Royal Bank of Canada Special—First Prize but not eligible on account of awards in previous sections. Section 6—Windsor Special, Third Prize \$10.00. Section 16—Dominion Envelope and Carton Special, First Prize \$25.00. Section 17—Bank of Montreal Special, Silver Cup and Trophy. Section 20—Jensen Silver Trophy, for the highest proficiency in buttermaking points awarded, based on first grade 93 score butter, workmanship control for seven months, mould and yeast count for six months, and the average score on 5 X 56 lb. boxes of commercial butter, which was taken during the months of May to September inclusive.

★

B. C. BURSARY AWARDER FORMER ASHERN RESIDENT

The B. C. Institute of Chartered Accountants Bursary of \$100.00 has been awarded to **Bui Thorlacius**, 660 William Road, Steveston, B. C., third year Commerce student. He is among 35 University of British Columbia students to receive scholarship awards totalling \$8,325.00.

This is Bui's second bursary. Last year he won a \$150.00 bursary given

by the Board of Governors and Senate of the University of B. C.

Bui is the son of Mrs. Jona Thorlacius and the late Bui Thorlacius, formerly of the Ralph Conner district near Ashern, Manitoba.

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WALES FESTIVAL WINNER



Enid Edwards

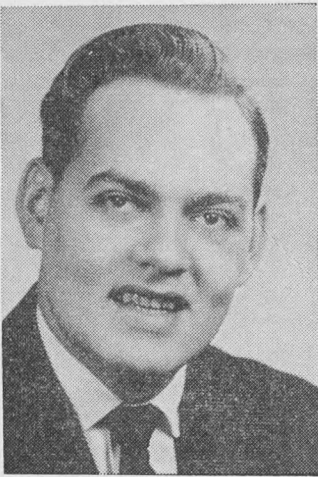
In the limelight for her brilliant career in music is **Enid Edwards**, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gwellym Edwards, of Calgary, Alberta. Miss Edwards recently won the open piano competition at the world famous National Eisteddfod, at Anglesey, North Wales. She was highly praised by the adjudicators for her performance.

Following this achievement, Miss Edwards was asked to perform over the British Broadcasting Corporation.

She has been studying piano and voice at the Royal Academy of Music London, England, where she will continue her advanced studies in piano.

Miss Edwards is a granddaughter of the late Oddny and Hinrik Johnson, pioneer residents of Lundar and Ebor, Manitoba.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF KIWANIS CLUB



Alvin Magnus Bjornson, general manager of the Far-Moor Insurance Service in Moorhead, Minnesota, was recently elected president of the Moorhead Kiwanis Club. Ed. A. Gudmundson, Moorhead druggist was named vice-president of the organization.

Mr. Gudmundson, a cousin, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kris Gudmundson of Mountain, N. D.

Moorhead has a population of approximately 15,000.

Born in Grand Forks, North Dakota, Al (as he is more commonly known) is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sigurbjorn (Sig) Bjornson of Moorhead and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Magnus F. Björnson of Mountain, N. D. His maternal grandparents were the late Tímóteus and Thorbjörg Guðmundson, pioneers of Elfros, Saskatchewan.

★

EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY ELECTS DR. VOPNI

Dr. Sylvia Vopni, assistant professor of education at the University of Washington, in Seattle, has been elected national president of Pi Lambda Theta professional association for women in education. She took office at

the 20th biennial council meeting held at Columbia University in New York, in August last. Pi Lambda Theta was organized in 1910. About 55,000 women have been initiated into the honorary.

★

MEDICAL GRADUATE WINS HONORS

Mrs. Elaine Frederick Vorhaus, daughter of Karl F. Frederick Consul for Iceland in Seattle, Wash., and the late Mary Sumarliðason Frederick, received an M.D. degree from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, at the June 1957 commencement. Before the graduation she was elected to the coveted Alpha Omega Alpha Medical Honor Society.

Dr. Elaine was one of only five members of her class to be chosen to serve her internship at the magnificent Columbia University Presbyterian Medical Center, and the only woman so honored.

Dr. Elaine is a niece of Professor Dora S. Lewis, who is Head of the Department of Home Economics at Hunter College, New York and nationally known for her work in education. Elaine's husband, Dr. Louis Vorhaus, is a specialist in Internal Medicine and is also a graduate of Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. They have two daughters, Katherine Lee 9, and Margaret Lou 8. Their home is at No. 1 Ploughman's Bush, Riverdale 71, New York City.

Dr. Elaine's brothers are graduates from the University of Washington, Richard Karl, with a degree in mechanical Engineering, is the General Manager of the American Can Company in Portland, Oregon. Philip Mark, a graduate in Medicine from the Oregon Medical School, is in general medical practice in Seattle, Washington.

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

SCHOLARSHIP WINNER



Heather Alda Sigurdson

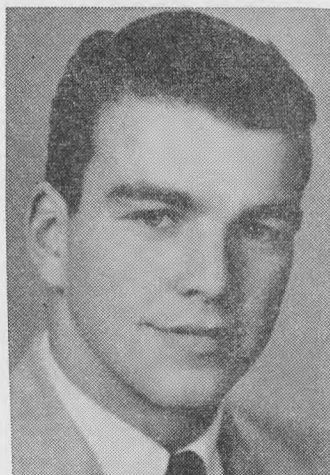
Heather Alda Sigurdson, 17, has been awarded the Jón Sigurdson Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarship in the University of Manitoba School of Music recommended scholarships for the second consecutive year.

Heather studies voice with Mrs. J. Hardyman.

She has been an Honor student in school and is now taking Grade XII at the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. Diligent in extra curricular work, she was elected Vice-President of the school and Senior Counsellor for the T Eaton Company for 1957-58.

Heather is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Sigurdson, 944 Garfield St. Winnipeg, and granddaughter of the poet Guttormur J. and Jensina Guttormsson of Riverton, and Sigurlaug and the late Sigfus Sigurdson of Oak Point, Manitoba.

AWARDED SCHOLARSHIP



Kenneth O. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Johnson (Olafur and Emily nee Gislason), now in his second year at the University of Washington in Seattle, was awarded the \$1200. Boeing Airplane Company Scholarship in 1956.

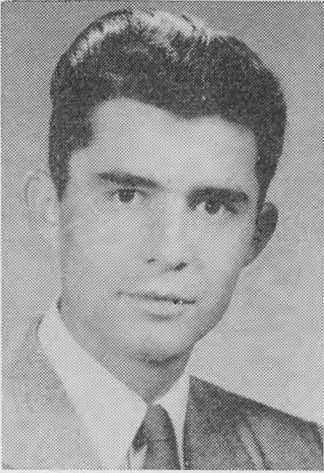
An honor student all through high school, he is a graduate of the 1956 class of the Mount Baker High School in Deming, Washington, where he was winner of the mathematical award and the Bausch and Lomb science award.

When he graduated from Mount Baker, Kenneth was a football letterman, president of the senior class, and a member of the student Council. He was chosen to be on the All Star County Football team in 1955.

Kenneth, who is majoring in electrical engineering, was pledged by Sigma Phi Epsilon.

He was born near Leslie, Saskatchewan. The family moved to Seattle in 1942, later moving to Blaine and then to their present home near Bellingham, Washington.

MORLEY STEFANSON WINS SCHOLARSHIP



Morley Stefanson, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Helgi Stefanson, Riverton, Man., was recently awarded the International Nickel Company Scholarship of \$300 and tuition at the University of Manitoba, for high scholastic standing. Morley attended Elementary and High School at Riverton, and is now in 2nd year Engineering at the U. of M.

★



Allan Johnson

Another scholar with a brilliant record, is Allan Johnson, son of Mrs. Hall Hanneson and her former hus-

band, the late Mr. H. A. Johnson of Langruth.

A student in Education at the University of Manitoba, he recently won a Department of Education Scholarship of \$400.00 and the I.O.D.E. Scholarship of \$100.00

Previously Mr. Johnson received several scholarship awards while a student at the Brandon College, where he graduated in 1955.★

LANGRUTH STUDENTS WIN AWARDS

At a recent banquet, given by the Langruth Legion No. 162, two students were presented with scholarships.



Mary Arlene Hanneson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arni H. Hanneson of Langruth, Manitoba, was awarded the Legion Scholarship of \$100.00 for high scholastic standing in grade XII. Mary is now attending the Manitoba Teachers' College, Winnipeg.

★

Haraldine Magnusson, a grade XII student in Langruth High School, was presented with the Legion Auxiliary scholarship of \$50.00 for outstanding work in Grade XI. She also won the



Haraldine Magnusson

\$50.00 Roger Goulet scholarship this year.

Haraldine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gudmundur Magnusson, of Langruth.

★

PHYLLIS THORDIS JOHNSON WINS FURTHER LAURELS

Phyllis Thordis Johnson, 17, has again added to her many scholastic honours (see Icel. Can. Winter 1956). She was recently awarded the University of Manitoba Alumni Association Scholarship of \$100.00 and the University of Manitoba Bursary of \$100 for 1959.

Phyllis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson of Winnipeg, is attending second year Science at the U. of M.

On October 30th, the combined Junior and Senior choirs of the First Lutheran Church, presented to a capacity audience an impressive tableau entitled "The Gay Nineties Revue", written and directed by Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson, who also acted as the commentator.

The presentation, handled by capable leads and a fine chorus accompaniment was a superb production. The plot centred around grandfather sitting by the fireside serenely smoking his pipe as he thinks back into bygone years. Visions of the happy events in his life are brought to life before him in appropriate costume and song. In the end, he looks towards his 'sunset years' in peace and contentment as he is surrounded by his loved ones.

The musical selections were under the direction of Mrs. Björg Isfeld, with Mrs. Pearl Johnson at the piano.

Mrs. Gudrun Blondal, president of the choirs, made appropriate opening and closing remarks.

The program was dedicated to Betel

Old Folks Home at Gimli and the collection is to be turned over to the Building Fund of the home.

In late October, the Manitoba Pool Elevators Association held a Rural Folk Festival in the Banquet Room of the Royal Alexandra Hotel. One of the highlights was an All-Icelandic Concert sponsored by the communities of Arborg and Geysir.

The program included recitations, a piano duet, vocal trios and quartettes and two Childrens Choirs of 70 voices, ranging from 3 to 16 years of age, under the direction of Johannes Palson. Mr. Palson also gave two violin selections. The accompanists were Mrs. Magnea Sigurdson and Mrs. Lily Martin. The performers received a tremendous applause, despite the fact there were few in the audience who understood the language.

Great credit is due to the people of Arborg and Geysir. Their efforts prove that the Icelandic spirit still prevails, and in some communities finds expression.